

TOC H JOURNAL

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Salute to Adventure

MANY AN OLDER MEMBER of Toc H treasures memories of the crowded weeks in 1936 when our movement celebrated its Coming-of-Age, and it is a fraternal and altogether fitting gesture that we should now salute another national movement on attaining its Twenty-first Birthday. The Youth Hostels Association of England and Wales opened the doors of its first handful of hostels in 1930 to a small but eager membership, which has steadily grown until it touches the quarter of a million mark today. Behind that delivery of 'the goods' lies an intense period of preparation in 1929 which matches "the first fine careless rapture" of Toc H ten years earlier.

The pioneers, a small band indeed for so great a matter, were men and women of imagination and faith; they were not to be gainsaid by critics or obstacles. In their ranks were, most properly, not a few Toc H men and women; the Chairman of the Y.H.A. for its first six difficult years was the Editor of this JOURNAL.

The achievement of the Y.H.A. is much more than a material one. It has unlocked the treasury of nature's beauty and man's history in this and other lands to many thousands of younger people. It has set a standard of good behaviour in visiting the countryside. It has given back a sense of adventure and self-reliance to many minds imprisoned by a machine-made age. And it has generated a true spirit of friendship among young people of many nations and a tradition of unselfish effort which is brother to our own ideal. Well played, Youth Hostels—and a long innings still to come!



LORD ROWALLAN *inspects camp 'gadgets' made by youthful scouts.*

Wanted: Ten Thousand Men

This urgent call for volunteers, comes from LORD ROWALLAN, the Chief Scout and a Vice-President of Toc H, who stresses the need for many more men to enable the Scout movement fully to succeed in its great task.

EVERY VOLUNTARY MOVEMENT in the country at the present time is faced with the lack of leaders, and while this must always perhaps be the case, it does limit very greatly the number of boys who can be given a training which has shown its value in producing *men*. But there is a further qualification, and that is, that unless these leaders are of the right kind they are not only of no value, but may, in the case of Scouting, be an actual handicap.

Character and Imagination

There are many movements wherein the leaders can fall back on a routine to overcome their own weaknesses in imagination, but in Scouting that is not the case. For the success of Scouting has always depended on the character and imagination and the example of those who lead. B.-P. said over and over again, that it was not necessary for the Scoutmaster to be an "Admirable Crichton", or a "Know-all", but that it was necessary for him to be able to enter into the ambitions and aspirations of the boys and to find *other men* who would help them to attain those ambitions. The Scoutmaster must therefore understand the boys, know what they want, and be able to translate those desires into activities which will provide them with an outlet for their energy, and help to lead them along the right path rather than to the Juvenile Court.

Scouting for Boys was not published with the idea of forming a new movement, but to add variety and adventure to the programmes of the Boys' Brigade and the Y.M.C.A. It was the boys themselves who got hold of the book and formed their own gangs or Patrols, found their Scoutmasters, and in the end forced the responsibility for organisation on to B.-P.

It was the little brothers who insisted in coming along with their elders who were responsible for the Wolf Cub Branch, it was the older brothers who did not wish to cut themselves adrift who were responsible for the start of Rovering, and in 1946, it was the fifteens to eighteens with their demand for more virile adventure, who forced The Boy Scouts Association to recognise Senior Scouts. It is to be hoped that this initiative on the part of the boys in telling us what they want will always guide us in every development in the future, rather than that we older folks should force upon the boys what we think should be good for them.

The one-man-band

The aim of Scouting is to produce men who will take their full share in the life of the community; the duty of Scouters is to help them to find their place in the community; but if these Scouters find their leisure time so fully occupied with Scouting that they are cut off from social activities, it must be evident that they can be of little assistance to the boys. This is too often the position to-day. Every Scouter should undertake one job and one only, although that job may be changed from time to time. Every Scouter should also have an understudy to ensure continuity. The one-man-band, the Scouter who undertakes the leadership of the Troop and the Pack and the Rovers, and does all the work himself, may be an admirable character, he may also run an outwardly admirable show, but he is not building for the future. In addition he is a discouragement to others, who might be willing to undertake a job with limited responsibilities, but who regard Scouting, as they see it, as a sort of monastic society which deprives its devotees of all family life and social activities, a sacrifice which they are quite rightly unwilling to make.

Advice and Leadership

The Group should ideally consist of the Cub Pack, with a Cubmaster and at least one Assistant Cubmaster—these may be, and generally are, ladies—but if the ideal is to be attained one of them should preferably be a man. The Scout

Troop from eleven to eighteen should have for its proper functioning a Scoutmaster and at least one Assistant. Where the number of boys available is sufficiently large, the fifteens to eighteens will form a Senior Troop with one man of sufficient maturity to be able to give the advice needed for those boys on the threshold of manhood with all the problems which face them, and another, younger man to lead them in their activities. The Rover Crew for the eighteens to twenty-threes or twenty-fives should have a Rover Leader, or perhaps a Rover Counsellor, who will advise them of the facilities already available for the further development of their talents and inclinations. And to co-ordinate the work of the different sections there should be a Group Scoutmaster who will be responsible for ensuring the smooth passage from one stage of the journey to the next, ensuring too that the sections understand each other's problems and work together as a team, rather than as individual units. He is also responsible for the liaison between the Group Committee—consisting of parents and other interested persons—and the Scouters, and for taking the burden of administration and finance off the shoulders of those who are responsible for the direct training of the boys.

The need, in figures

According to the 1950 census figures, there are 10,304 Groups in the United Kingdom at present, of which 934 are School Groups consisting of only one, or at the most two sections, where a Group Scoutmaster will not be required. That means that for our ideal working we need, at this moment, 9,370 Group Scoutmasters. There are 8,542 Wolf Cub Packs, which would require a minimum of 17,084 Scouters in charge of them; 9,528 Scout Troops with a requirement of 19,056 Troop Scouters, and 2,309 Senior Troops with a requirement of 4,618 Scouters for their proper direction, 2,065 Rover Crews with a need for one Rover Scout Leader or Rover Counsellor, a total requirement for minimum present needs of 52,193. The actual number of Scouters at the present time is 41,588, but, of course, they are not evenly distributed; some Groups are almost overstaffed, others find it impossible to enlist the help of even one man per section.

If Senior Scouting is to develop and we are to provide a continuous training for those at present in the Movement, we must make provision for at least 5,000 Senior Scout Troops, as against the existing 2,309, an increase of 2,691 with a Scouter requirement of 5,382, and there are many Scout Troops and Cub Packs which have died, not because of a lack of boys, but because of a lack of Scouters. We must do our best to provide these Scouters.

Over and above this, we are very much understaffed in Commissioners, those men whose duty it is to lead the team of Group Scouters in the Districts and Counties. Many Scouters in charge of Groups or Sections of Groups are acting at present as Commissioners, 1,122 of them according to the latest census figures. Many Commissioners too have not got the full team of assistants, to act as understudies, and to have the special supervision of the branches. We need at least 1,250 extra Commissioners.

Jobs for all

The situation has improved since a Manpower pamphlet was issued, for we show an increase of over 2,500 Scouters during the past twelve months, but there is still much leeway to be made up, without allowing for the continuous increase in the number of Groups and the even greater demand from the boys themselves, for the opportunity to become Cubs and Scouts. There are many who may not feel fitted, and rightly so, to undertake the job of Scoutmaster or Cubmaster, but we need men too to act as Group Committee members, Treasurers, Secretaries, and above all, as Badge Instructors and Badge Examiners. Many boys are unduly delayed in taking their Second Class Badge because they find difficulty in reaching the standards required, say, of signalling, because of lack of proper instruction, and yet those standards are not high. There are many men who were signallers during the War, who could devote half an hour or an hour a week to helping them. The Scout Badge system provides an almost infinite variety of activities, and I venture to say that there is no man of goodwill for whom we cannot find some job.

The aims of Toc H and ourselves are similar; we receive

much assistance and encouragement already, but we still need more, and there could be no finer outlet for the ideal of service of Toc H than in helping the younger generation to grow up with the opportunity of the full life which Scouting can provide.

ROWALLAN, *Chief Scout.*

Oberammergau, 1950

A PILGRIMAGE of Toc H men and women to the Passion Play at Oberammergau has become a tradition, upheld on each occasion since our movement began. In 1922, 1930 and 1934 (the tercentenary of the Play) the party numbered a round hundred, and in 1950, despite a basic cost three times as high as on the last visit and the greatly increased price of everything which members bought in Belgium, France, Switzerland and Germany, sixty-three pilgrims made the journey.

An excessively crowded boat carried the pilgrims to Ostend on July 8, and there they divided into two parties, which boarded a pair of waiting motor coaches and said *au revoir* to each other: they were to meet again a week later in Oberammergau, to spend three nights there together and then to separate once more until their reassembly for the homeward Channel crossing on July 22. That first evening the First Party, led by Barkis, drove to Poperinghe, the Second, led by Rex Calkin, to Brussels. Their routes throughout the fortnight were different and each so crowded with varied interest day by day that space allows no record of their long journeying here.

Preparation and Thanksgiving

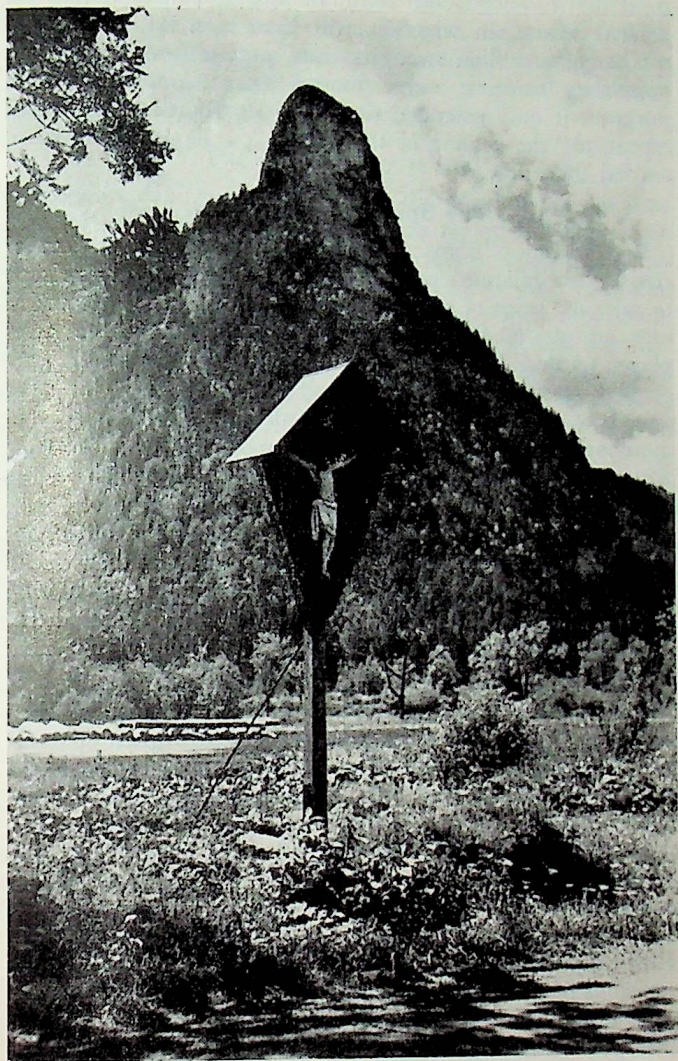
The goal of their pilgrimage was twofold—the Old House in Flanders and the Play in South Germany, places far apart on the map but not in spirit. The First Party spent its first two nights in Poperinghe, the Second its last two; for one it was a preparation, for the other a thanksgiving for their undertaking, and for both it was a true experience

which will not be forgotten. Every pilgrim was at home in the moment of entering the House; the garden never looked more lovely; and the Salient had not lost its power to tell its deathless story. Each party, led by its own padre, summed up the visit in the Upper Room.

In Oberammergau there is much outward change since the previous visit. The roads are crowded with motor traffic converging on the little place on the eve of performances of the Passion Play, which take place four days in the week to a fresh audience of over 5,000 each time. Temporary houses, shops and offices have been built to meet the needs of all comers, and at night the centre of the village, brilliantly lit and with crowds in the streets, the cafés and the shops until late hours, is like the stage set of *White Horse Inn*. Most of our pilgrims were billeted in an entirely new street, far from the centre, where little houses with bright gardens run up the hill to an American Army camp, complete with every luxury, and on the hill itself the pedestrian pits his life at intervals against the reckless efficiency of a Military Police jeep dashing down.

Keeping the Vow

Change in Oberammergau is blatant but superficial. Behind the loud intrusions of commercialism, tourism on the grand scale and occupation by foreign troops, the old spirit of the village stands steadfast and unbroken. Climb, as a small party of our pilgrims did upon the eve of the Play, through the quiet pine woods and up the final steep face of rock to the summit of the Kofel Mountain, and you look right down into the heart of a dedicated place. When, in a moment of dire distress in 1634, the villagers met in their parish church to pray that the plague which was destroying them might be stayed, they vowed that at regular intervals they would "show forth the Lord's death till He come". Every ten years since then, with inevitable lapses in time of war, they have kept their vow, and in the keeping of it their characters, and even the beauty of their faces and their speech, have been deeply affected. Hidden in their remote valley, their play was not 'discovered' by the outside world



THE KOFEL MOUNTAIN AND THE RIVER AMMER.

until the mid-nineteenth century: any development like the present season, in which it will have been witnessed by a quarter of a million strangers, was quite unforeseen. When popularity came it never moved them from their main purpose; it only extended their own devotion, as they often repeat, to "the healing of the nations", a service never more needed than now.

The Spirit of the Village

In 1922 our pilgrims reached Oberammergau at a time of crisis, the 'inflation' period, but the players sternly refused to raise the price of seats as the value of the Mark descended into an utterly fantastic abyss. The reward of the chief player (Anton Lang, a good friend of 'Toc H) at the end of that season was less than half enough to buy him the new pair of shoes he urgently needed. And when at that moment Hollywood offered to transport the whole cast to America for a film version of the Passion Play which would have made them all rich for life, they refused the offer: it was not in the terms of their vow. When the offer was repeated they replied with disarming humour that they would come on one condition only—that they might bring a vital piece of their scenery, the Kofel Mountain, with them. Hollywood wrote them off as mad, a condition not new among consistent Christians.

Our pilgrims felt this consistency again in 1950 as they listened to Mrs. Anton Lang, the delightful 'guest speaker' at a Toc H meeting held in the village school on the Saturday evening before the Play. And they found it severally and intimately in the households of the players whose guests they were. The arrival of the Second Party late on Friday evening, unfed and in a deluge of rain, provided an immediate test. Their hostesses, through some misunderstanding, did not expect them until next day and were all abed after a day which had been busy since 4 a.m. in some cases. They had to be roused and rose hastily to welcome their guests without one cross word, to prepare such food as was possible and get their beds ready. That is the temper which meets every new-comer, however inconsiderate, as an

old friend, just as if there were not new-comers to the house several times every week from May to September. The visitor to Oberammergau finds it very difficult to support the view expressed every ten years by a few people at a distance that "the whole thing is a commercial ramp".

The Great Story is told

Certainly that view does not cross the mind of the spectator in the Passion Theatre itself. He may regard the Play as no more than a beautiful and moving spectacle. That it certainly is, but the intention of the players goes far beyond entertainment: their work is an act of worship in which they invite a vast audience to join. After two days of broken weather, Sunday, July 16, dawned a cloudless blue with a light breeze from the mountains. Many of our pilgrims were up betimes for a Celebration, specially arranged for them at 6.15 a.m. in the little Lutheran church opposite the Theatre. At 8.30 they were in their seats as the splendid village choir filed on to the stage for the first uplifting chorus. From then until near mid-day the earlier stages of the greatest Story in the world were unrolled before their eyes, not in a series of salient flashes like any modern drama on stage or screen, but in the minutest detail and with protracted argument. After the lunch interval (they felt much in need of that) they sat again until nearly 6 p.m. when the Story had passed through its dreadful deeps to its final triumph and hymn of praise. There is no purpose in trying to describe the action of the Play in detail—its interludes of music (home-made by the village organist of 150 years ago) and beautiful Old Testament tableaux, its quiet scenes at Bethany and in the Upper Room, its fierce debates in the Sanhedrin, its immense crowds now shouting "Hosanna!" and now "Crucify Him!" Through it moved, with a calm seldom broken, the central figure of Jesus (played by the village inn-keeper), the burning hatred of Caiaphas (cook at the same inn), the broken-hearted love of Mary (a builder's daughter), Peter (a farmer), Judas (a champion ski-jumper), a perplexed Pilate (he works in a saw-mill). All these were lifted from the life of everyday to the height of the Story of the Passion: outside the theatre they

were as plain, hard-working, genial folk as you could wish to meet in any village. No mind and heart but the most insensitive can resist the Story which they tell with such single-heartedness during their long hours on the stage. The Passion Play set a bright crown upon our long journey; it was an experience none of our pilgrims will forget. B.B.

French Youth To-day

This article has been written by MARCEL H. J. THERY, a General member of Toc H, and a student in the Senior Trade School, Picardy, France.

I DON'T KNOW anything about French youth before World War II: I was eleven years old in 1940, and this explains that. Quite the contrary, I know very much about French youth of 1950, specially the students like me. I am going to tell you about them.

In 1944, on September 1, Amiens was liberated from the German Occupation. Everybody was happy and welcomed the English and American soldiers. But some youths welcomed them with an idea of interest: with the soldiers, they could keep on doing their "black-market". Cigarettes, chewing-gum, shirts, guns, food were their goods. People who had dealt with the Germans during the Occupation were their customers; of course, they had the money and they could buy. And meantime the Frenchman kept on starving, just as before. Then, the black marketeers were often young people, teen-agers for the most part, who would have been at school. They did not like school; they did not like anything, not even their female friends. They did love money and "adventure". The Allied Soldiers, and among them the Yankees were the "adventure". They had brought with them cigarettes, chocolate, and something rather new: pin-up girls and jazz music. The French youth had been forbidden to dance for four years. What a joy when Yankees brought

music of Duke Ellington and of Glen Miller! How exciting were the new American novels! What a "Liberation" it was!

In 1947, every high-school goer did black market. Some teen-aged boys and girls were considered as "businessmen". Their profits rose to millions of francs (thousands of pounds). And this was just regular for them: the seniors had made it before them, with the Germans!! Then came the "surprise-parties". Youngsters, boys and girls, met at somebody's home, drank, danced, and slept all the night long. The parents did not know, of course. For them, their sons and daughters were nice little youngsters. They would have been astonished if they had heard of their children making black market and surprise-partying in their flats!

Those events took place in Paris, of course. It did not spread in the same way in the country. In Amiens, for example, no teen-ager has been condemned by the Justice for black-marketing or anything else. But lots have been judged in Paris.

In 1948, the English and American soldiers were gone, and everybody thought it was better so. It is a matter of fact that, the Yankees gone, the black-market was abandoned by the "rotten youth", or nearly. No more condemnations, no more scandals. French parents could breathe! Alas! but their children were talking politics now!! What a shame! They hardly were old enough to vote, and they said: "I belong to that party! Down with *that* one! etc..." Before the war, they belonged to the Scout Movement, Confessional Organisations: now, they talk politics!

Every organisation has reacted against this state of things, not fiercely, not with goodness, but with comprehension. They knew what youth needed, and they tried to give it to it. Did they succeed? We can't say now. It is too long a work, but they will succeed, as French youth is not deeply naughty. The war, the occupation, the rationing, has made it. All this is over now, and there is no reason that the consequences keep on influencing the young people.

The Scout Movement, famous before the war, and forbidden by the Germans during the war, has reappeared, stronger

than ever. His teaching is great: Love, Solidarity, Understanding, Religion. By means of meetings, camps, etc. . . . the Scout Movement is strong against the consequences of the war. Scouts learn to become good Frenchmen, good Europeans.

On another hand, the Office Universitaire du Tourisme gives to any student of any College of France or foreign countries facilities to travel abroad or in France, to join international camps of International Understanding. The idea has been spread by UNESCO, which makes a huge work in France in this point of view. Students may now work in England, Switzerland, Austria, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and even United States during some months to help people, to learn together, to build an International Youth Movement. Isn't it great?

The Roman Catholic Church has done very much for the French Youth. It gives it the possibility of belonging to many Youth Organisations: JEC (Student Catholic Youth), JAC (Agriculture Catholic Youth), JOC (Workers Catholic Organisation), etc. . . . On the spiritual point of view, these organisations develop feelings of solidarity, love and religion among the young people. Huge meetings have gathered in Paris thousands of youngsters. No politics, no material aims, but a big claim for Peace of the soul and Peace in the world. Why not? Youth of 1950 should know the Golden Age. Instead of it, they have known Occupation, enemies, curfews, concentration camps. They have starved, they have fought. Perhaps they wanted to eat what they liked, and they wanted to stay at home. No !! French youth has had no luck. All the blames they made to it are not its fault. And French youth is not so rotten as they say. I belong to the UNEF (National Union of French Students) and I know what my student-friends think of themselves. Black market and surprise-parties are over. They know they *must* work very hard to win their place in the new international society of men. And they *do* work; I do work hard. Solidarity, love and understanding exist among us now. We have understood what France asked: a strong youth, ready to win a world Peace.

M.H.J.T.

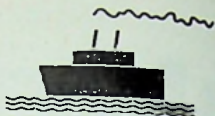


A MARKSMAN ABROAD.

Here is a photograph of MARTIN JOHNSON, a member of Putney Branch and resident at Mark XX. Judging by the 'ornaments' in the background, his discovery of Sin (a village near Lille) is timely and a near thing.



Far Cry



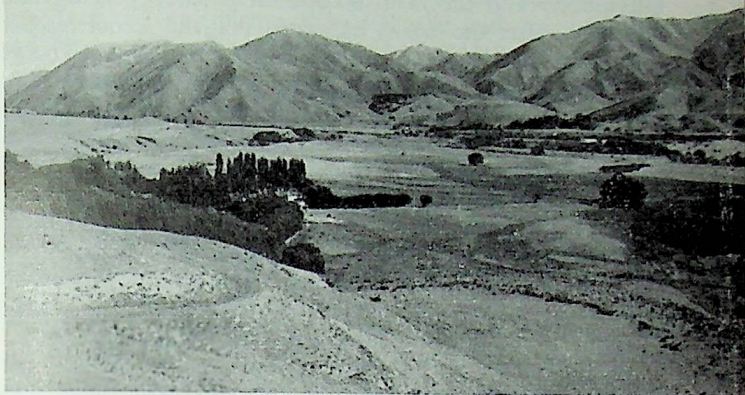
INTRODUCING NEW ZEALAND

ONE of the compensations in writing for a JOURNAL which nobody ever reads is that omissions are never noticed. The greatest omission of "Far Cry" has been a complete absence of anything to suggest that Toc H might ever have reached New Zealand. Yet Toc H here is recapturing the past pioneer spirit; in fact, although the country itself has its cities and urban amenities the need for men who can do things with their hands is dominant. Its people have an eye for practical things, and although there is an increasing appreciation of the softer values of life, they still have to deal with nature in some rough moods, which accounts for a ruggedness of character to be found in all walks of life.

It would seem that Jack Davies, who is now in his second year as Dominion Secretary, feels quite at home there. Here is an extract from a recent letter, guaranteed to warm the cockles of your heart:

With great temerity I have called two meetings for the next two Monday nights at different places, in an endeavour to launch two new groups. How many will come, I am not sure, but I am keeping my fingers crossed and saying my prayers about them. I have had in both places a fair number of promises from new men whom I have seen privately and who I think will turn up.

It is a great life. I am a sort of spirit merchant and insurance agent on the knocker to sell Toc H. The differing reactions of men when you meet them on the doorstep are amazing. One chap I called on last Saturday morning (no five-day week for Toc H here, you notice) told me he wasn't interested in anything. He was aged about thirty, and went on to say, "You see, I work thirteen and a half hours a day, and sixteen and a half on Fridays and on Saturdays I do my garden and on Sundays I rest. I am making a lot of money, and in two or three years' time I shall be a wealthy man. When I have all the money I want I shall choose what things I want to patronise." He obviously didn't know what he was saying, and so I thought a word of caution might come in useful at that moment.



NEW ZEALAND: *A station homestead near Omarama, Central Otago.*

I said, "I hope you will pardon my impertinence, but do you go to church?" "Oh no," he says, "I have to rest on Sunday so as to be fit for work on Monday". "Pity," says I, "for if you had gone to church you might have been familiar with the story of the man who built a lot of barns—in fact, he had a mania for 'em. He was always going to build just one more and then patronise the things he was interested in. However, poor chap, he never did, for just as he thought he was settled, he snuffed out. Again, if you will pardon my impertinence, don't you think that it might be better to enjoy life as you go along? And, besides, I think your wife might like to go out with you occasionally. Good morning!" And off I went.

A glimpse of Toc H operating in the real New Zealand is given in the first number of *The Marilet* produced by and for Toc H in Sussex, Jack's old stamping ground. The Branch in question is Oturehua, situated in the middle of Central Otago in the South Island. The country-side for miles around is a mass of ravines and gullies where the soil has been sluiced away to the sea by generations of gold diggers. It is in this setting, where the spirit of the early settlers still lives vividly, that Toc H has been made to work. There

are only 118 people in the place—at least there were in the spring, the figure may be more approximate by now. It is hill country and the main occupation is sheep grazing and the like. After the war it happened that the school teacher who arrived at the “sole charge” school belonged to Toc H in Dunedin. He set about finding other men who would see in Toc H a practical way of expressing an ideal in Oturehua, and he found them. Soon afterwards he left, but his nucleus was sound and carried on without him and now there are fourteen. When Jack was there the temperature was 95° in the shade, and the previous week-end there had been three inches of snow. As he said “This being the summer period, one is rather reminded of England.” Speakers are of course rare birds, and the main item at the fortnightly meetings is a printed lecture circulated regularly by the W.E.A. as one of a series. Last year it was “History of New Zealand”, this year “Popular Science”, next year “Economics”. Meetings therefore tend to become study groups, a valuable if unusual variation. Last year three one-act plays were put on for the benefit of the community and books are collected regularly for the hospitals. They are also planning to give consistent help at a T.B. sanatorium, particularly in looking after the children. “This bald account doesn’t sound spectacular, but one can honestly say that here are men getting to grips with loneliness and creating out of the wilds a community with a soul and that is something in these days.” Incidentally, Birkenhead (N.Z.) are also able to demonstrate the “Toc H and the Community” theme, for its members staff the local free library on behalf of the Borough Council.

AN EGYPTIAN VENTURE

Fanara, by the Suez Canal, has for several years been the centre from which Toc H activity radiates throughout the Canal Zone. Now comes the interesting news that the Fanara group has sponsored an entirely Egyptian unit known as the Fanara (Gordon Camp) group. Most of the members are civilians employed by the British Army and though they speak English, the Toc H Prayer, the Ceremony of Light

and the Main Resolution have been translated into Arabic. They are all Copts and they seem quite determined to build the group with understanding as well as enthusiasm. This is a development which will be followed with great interest and receive general good wishes.

CONTINENTAL POSTSCRIPT

From time to time people ask "How is Toc H in Belgium these days?" The answer is that it continues much as usual in Brussels and Charleroi. Brussels has been rather in the doldrums lately because one of its key members returned to England, and among such a small number of friends such a loss makes quite a difference. But the corner has been turned and things are improving, with every hope that the improvement will continue. "Service" presents some difficulties, though a fête has been organised in a member's garden to raise money for "The Winter Coal Fund for Needy British Residents", and a concert in aid of the same good cause is to follow.

G.M.

The Elder Brethren

BARNWELL.—On June 11, JOSEPH DOWNING BARNWELL, aged 59, a member of Acton group and formerly of Ealing Branch. Elected 8.11.'26.

BATCHELOR.—On July 12, CHARLES WILLIAM BATCHELOR, aged 31, a member of Dogsthorpe Branch. Elected 2.5.'38.

BLATHERWICK.—On June 12, Col. Sir THOMAS BLATHERWICK, K.C.B., aged 63, an early member of Toc H Manchester.

BROADBENT.—On May 22, LIONEL BROADBENT, aged 56, a member of Stoke-on-Trent Branch. Elected 5.7.'35.

BROOKES.—On June 12, SAMUEL HARRY BROOKES, aged 70, a member of Droitwich Branch. Elected 5.7.'46.

DONALD.—On April 25, at Dakar, GORDON FORBES DONALD, aged 40, a member of South Shore (Blackpool) Branch. Elected 6.6.'47.

FAIERS.—On July 5, JOHN WILLIAM FAIERS, aged 55, a member of Gravesend Branch. Elected 29.10.'35.

FORD.—On June 14, W. J. FORD, a member of the Western Area General Branch. Elected 9.6.'25.

GILLESPIE.—On July 21, in a motoring accident, the Rev. JAMES TAYLOR GILLESPIE, aged 36, the Padre of Reigate and Redhill Branch. Elected 1.3.'41.

HODSON.—In July, JOHN ROBERT FRANCIS HODSON, aged 70, a member of Skegness Branch. Elected 18.4.'47.

ISAAC.—On June 23, DONALD ISAAC, aged 43, a founder member of Bargoed Branch. Elected 4.12.'29.

JACKSON.—On May 24, the Rev. LEONARD JAMES JACKSON, M.A., aged 65, a former member and Padre of Somerton Branch. Elected 17.1.'35.

KITCATT.—On June 2, HORACE VICTOR KITCATT, aged 50, the Chairman of Parkstone Branch. Elected 4.11.'33.

MARTIN.—On June 21, TERENCE AUBREY BENNETT MARTIN, aged 35, the Treasurer of Parkstone Branch. Elected 4.3.'38.

MORRISON.—On May 6, ALEXANDER B. MORRISON, aged 57, the Secretary of Brechin Branch. Elected 4.3.'48.

REEVES.—On June 18, ERNEST REEVES ('Revo') of the Star and Garter Home, and a member of Richmond Branch. Elected January '48.

ROBERTSON.—On March 20, DAVID ROBERTSON, aged 77, a member of Kilmarnock Branch. Elected 25.6.'40.

ROBINSON.—On July 6, ARTHUR ROBINSON, aged 53, a member of South Shore (Blackpool) Branch. Elected 20.6.'47.

RUTHERFORD.—On May 29, the Rev. SIDNEY CHARLES RUTHERFORD, aged 62, a member of Wells-next-the-Sea Branch. Elected 31.12.'49.

SHARLAND.—On April 8, EDWARD SHARLAND ('Ted'), a founder member of Bargoed Branch. Elected 23.4.'30.

TOWNSEND.—On July 7, JAMES MILNE TOWNSEND, aged 69, a member of North Petherton Branch. Elected 30.9.'32.

WEBBER.—On May 2, ARTHUR MAYNARD WEBBER, aged 24, a member of Wolverton Branch. Elected 7.9.'44.

WHITMORE.—On May 22, WILLIAM WHITMORE, aged 65, a member of Settle Branch. Elected 11.10.'32.

WILLIAMS.—In April, A. G. WILLIAMS, a founder member of Plymouth Branch. Elected 1925.

Meet the Winants

This introduction to the work being done and to some of this year's Winant Volunteers from the U.S.A., now in England, is written by one of them, DAVID B. HARNED.

IT WAS November, 1949, when I first met Tubby Clayton and heard of the Winant Volunteers. I was at St. Andrew's School, Middletown, Delaware, a thousand miles from many of the people with whom I am now working, when Tubby arrived in a cloud of snow and an aura of completely disrupted schedules and plans.

The visit was nothing unique for Tubby; he had visited countless similar schools and colleges during the preceding months in his quest for men to form the 1950 contingent of Winant Volunteers. He had done the job well. Indeed, four hundred people answered his plea for help.

Fifty of those four hundred were chosen, and I was one.

It was seven months later before we were united for the first time on board the P. & O. liner *Stratheden*. Everything seemed rather chaotic to us then, for last-minute preparations and complications followed on each other's heels with lightning speed. I didn't know why I was called a Winant Volunteer, I didn't know what I was going to do—or why.

Now we know. The confusion was left on the boat train on the way to London. Half of the Winant Volunteers are working in East End boys' clubs, the remainder serving as parish assistants and aides in other organisations which are undermanned in the East End because of the Conscription Act. Yet wherever we are, we are helping a little, serving where we can, learning much, and growing to like, to respect, and to admire the people of East London.

The actual work consists of making calls on homes concerning parish work and various boys' club activities, acting as youth leaders in boys' clubs, helping to rehabilitate club and church buildings, aiding in Sunday School activities and church services, working as general assistants in hospitals, and acting as counsellors in boys' camps.

We have learned much about the East Londoner. We have learned of his courage in rebuilding his ruined city,

and appreciate his hospitality in inviting us into his home—as he always does. We have learned other things about the East Londoner also. We have learned of the appalling ignorance of the children in our clubs about America. Certainly I shall never forget the queries thrown at me by a quiet little six-year-old.

You're not from America, you ain't got any guns . . . Cor, is that a western belt? How many horses do you have? How many new cars . . . What? But I thought every American had some new cars! One little chap was horrified to learn that "No, I don't have a single machine gun". Yes, there were others, and others, and others . . . until we felt that we belonged in the London Zoo.

All, however, is not work. Far from it! Duty and entertainment have been molded into a well balanced program which gives us a broad, cross-section of life in the British Isles today compared with the particular side which we see in the East End. Visits to Oxford University, General Eisenhower's Scottish castle, the Royal Mint, the Tower of London, Marlborough House, Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, and many other places have been arranged for us. But always back to Tower Hill, for there lie our true interests. Stepney, Bethnal Green, Hackney—these are our haunts.

Whatever we may have accomplished this year, it is what intelligence we have gleaned in the East End which will benefit us in later years. One day, armed with the knowledge we have gained, we can be the "Ambassadors of good will" which John Gilbert Winant, in whose memory we are named, and General Dwight Eisenhower, the chairman of our sponsors, would wish us to be.

There is much more to be written about the Winant Volunteers. There is much to be written about the Volunteers in future years—not written in books, but written in the hearts and minds of English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic. But now to introductions. I don't know more than half of the Winants, for many do not begin their work until our job is done, so my introductions may be clumsy, rather halting. But you must meet . . .

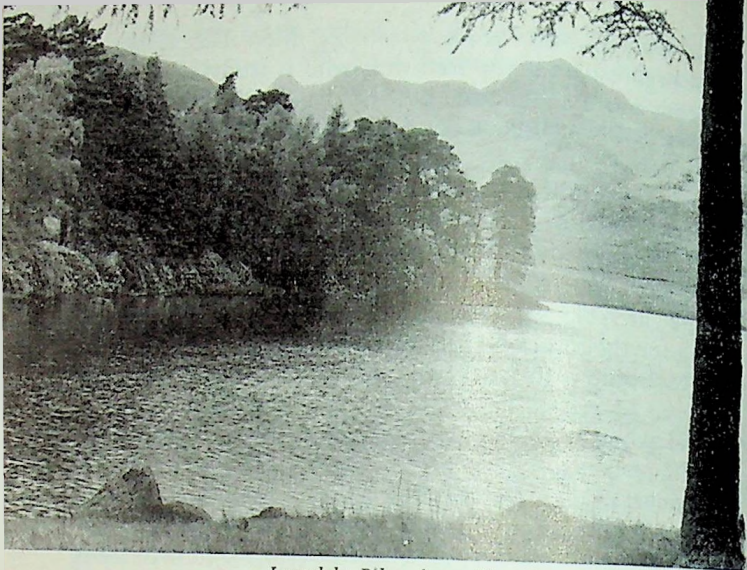
Among our group there are those differences of character, of creed, of habit, which stamp us as a group as heterogeneous

as those with whom we are working. Meet Bob Evans, a brilliant organist from the mid-west who is studying at Yale; Bob spends much of his time down at St. Paul's, Dock Street, answering questions about his Sunday evening organ recitals and his "crew" haircut. A marvellous sense of humor is his greatest attribute. I certainly hope that you come to know him! Fellow students at Yale are Bob McLean, Scott Paradise, Henry Coke, Ken Spoor, and myself. Please don't imagine that we are all much like Bob Evans. We most decidedly aren't! Spoor, Paradise, and McLean are all studying for the ministry, I'll admit, but there the resemblance ends. McLean, with as ready a laugh as Evans, hails from Baltimore, Maryland, and is currently staying at Toc H Mark III while working at the Hackney Boys Club. Bob's red hair certainly belies his disposition, as bright as his face. Henry Coke and Scott Paradise, wonderful men to enter into a discussion on any point, are our leading theologians. Incidentally, they live farther away from each other than London and Berlin—Texas and Massachusetts. And here's Ken Spoor, a Michigan man working at St. Matthew's, E.I.4, whose crushing repartees to everything gradually sink home about four hours after Ken has left for other parts. There are Mary and 'Chuck' Bazemore, my fellow Pennsylvanians, who are stationed at Clapton and Bethnal Green. Mary, outstanding for her blonde beauty, probably works harder than most of the males, while Chuck . . . he likes to work—and sleep.

Texas has contributed many Volunteers. Dixon Emswiler, as tall as his State is long, reaches to the phenomenal height of six feet six inches, and has put all that height into doing a truly magnificent job at the Bernhard Baron Jewish Settlement. Bill Hobby, a Houston man—you would like Bill, the press man for the Winants—is outstanding, not only from a literary point of view, but also for his prodigious consumption of Mexican *tamales*.

These are some of the Winants; there are many more of us, and as the years go by, we hope that there will be even greater numbers. Fifty in 1950, a hundred next year . . .

D.B.H.



Langdale Pikes from Blea Tarn

The Twenties Camps

Early this year some members of Toc H between sixteen and thirty years of age received an invitation to spend a week of their holidays together at one of two camps. They were asked to get to know one another, to walk, talk and play together, to share their experience and so to learn anew in their own way the lessons of good fellowship and good cheer. This they seem to have done, as witnessed by these brief accounts received from two of the "Twenties", one from the Langdale Valley in the Lake District and the other from the coast of Kent.

At Langdale

ON JUNE 17, 1950, sixteen men met for the first time in the Wayfarers' Lodge, Langdale, having nothing in common but the Toc H badge. On June 24 they parted regretfully from friends with whom they had shared many varied experiences—experiences which knit them together into a family of which Ian Fraser had the somewhat doubtful privilege of being father.



Some of the Langdale campers

In golden sunshine they had lazed together on heights overlooking Coniston and Tarn Hows. They had cursed harmoniously as they clambered up the rocky approach to Pavey Ark in pouring rain, only to express at the summit a mutual judgement that the glorious view of Langdale, Elterwater and Windermere made it worthwhile. Moreover, led by choristers of the Mark XI, Leicester contingent, they had sung together, and in singing with the hospitable members of the Langdale and Ambleside Branches they enjoyed a memorable evening.

Whatever the day's adventure, be it the ascent of Scafell (3,210 feet) or a descent to a quarry of 500 feet depth, this strangely assorted band of men would return to the Lodge for outward cleansing and inner refreshment before pursuing the evening round of tennis, swimming or armchair criticism of the affairs of mankind. Beer or tea, as taste dictated, in the local or the lounge, concluded the day, and then to bed. One dormitory housed all this family: not a luxurious apartment but certainly comfortable enough to refresh tired limbs and fit them for more activity.

Was the camp a success? Judging by the fact that most of the men, age permitting, are planning to meet again next year, it seems that the Twenties Camps have come to stay.
L.C.

At Hawkshill

During the week June 24 to July 1, a mixed bag of nineteen young men, all close to the twenties (a certain latitude must be allowed here to John Callf, Greeno, and Rex, who also were of the party!), spent a holiday together at the southern of the two Toc H "Twenties Camps" on the Downs near Deal. The site belonged to, and the catering was admirably undertaken by, "The Seaside Camps for London Boys", while the campers provided their own amusement.

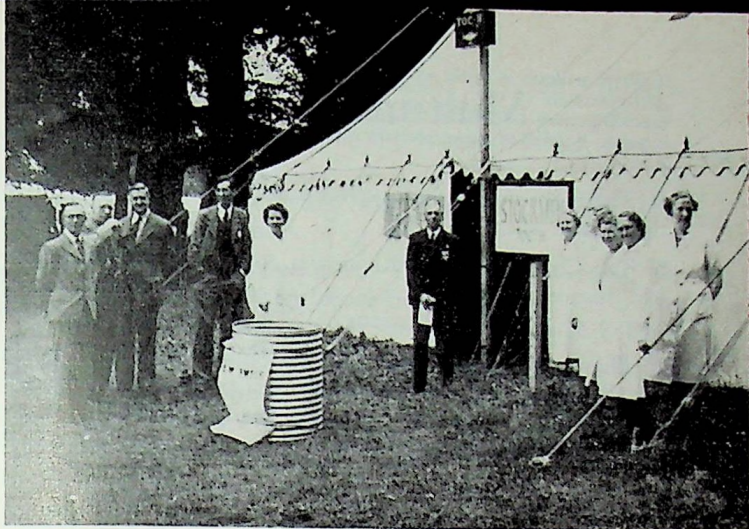
There was no set programme and everyone was free to spend the day as he pleased. Each day was begun and ended with Family Prayers in the Camp Chapel, and favourite activities included some strenuous rugger practice by some enthusiasts, swimming from the nearby shingle beach, and the hearty demolition of some very ugly and unwanted wartime buildings. The weather was kind and, as Hawkshill was well placed for making expeditions, most days saw a party set out to walk along the cliffs or to visit some neighbouring place of interest—perhaps Canterbury or the castles at Dover and Walmer, not forgetting the local "place of interest" in Kingsdown, a friendly village which should long remember the singing abilities of some of the campers. J.V.B.

Toc H Tent at Agricultural Show

For the past three years Toc H in Norfolk has provided an all-night canteen for the Stockmen at the Royal Norfolk Agricultural Show. This year the Show was held on the Sandringham estate, at Amner Park.

On the Wednesday morning Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, visited the tent, and spent some time talking to the Area Secretary and the Area Padre, and to members of the Women's Section.

The tent is primarily for the use of the Stockmen, but



it is also used by the Stall-holders. It is open as a Canteen from 9.0 p.m. to 6.0 a.m., during which time tea and 'wads' are served at very reasonable prices.

Men from neighbouring units staff the tent during the night; while during the day, when it is open as a rest tent for the public, members of the Women's Section are on duty. Magazines and papers are provided, and a portable Toc H Exhibition, designed and made by a member of Wisbech Branch, was displayed.

The Show Committee most generously provide Toc H with the ground, marquee and electrical equipment free of charge; and other necessities, such as chairs and crockery, are loaned by members and friends of Toc H.

This year the responsibility for manning the tent was on the shoulders of the West Norfolk District; but two other units, one from the Norwich and one from the Mid-Norfolk District, came over to help.

Nobody who has had the fun of this work will doubt its value to the Stockmen or to themselves. And, this year, one of the Stall-holders was so impressed by the welcome he received at one o'clock in the morning that he became a Toc H Builder.

J.D.

✽ There are now 996 BRANCHES and 86 GROUPS of Toc H in the British Isles.

✽ The Chairman of the Rhodesian Area of Toc H, the Hon. Mr. Justice TREDGOLD, C.M.G., K.C., has been appointed Chief Justice of Southern Rhodesia.

✽ The General Secretary of Toc H in Southern Africa, RONALD ANDERSON, is paying a visit to this country from September 7 to November 23. This has been made possible by ALAN PATON, the Hon. Commissioner.

✽ DUDLEY MATHEWS, who has been Hon. Australian Commissioner since 1946 and will be succeeded by Brigadier FRED CHILTON at the end of this year, hopes to visit Great Britain with his wife during the summer of 1951. We hope for news of other overseas members coming to the Festival of Britain.

✽ Canon MICHAEL COLEMAN, D.D., Victoria, British Columbia, once of the Manchester Area and All Hallows, has been consecrated Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle, in the Province of Rupert's Land.

✽ Padre and Mrs. HERBERT LEGGATE leave Liverpool for Toronto on September 5.

✽ The Rev. E. CLIFFORD BARBER, lately of Pahiatua, New Zealand, has been appointed for a term to fill one of the endowed Chaplaincies in this country.

✽ GILBERT FRANCIS (Thurlby, Lincolnshire) is to be appointed to the Staff in October and in the New Year will replace ERIC SAYWELL as Notts and Derby Area Secretary.

✽ The following moves of Area Secretaries have taken place: ERIC SAYWELL to Oxford and Thames Valley; CHARLES YOUNG to Western; REG SMITH to East Anglia; PETER RABAN to North-Western.

✠ Our best wishes to JIM McCLENAHAN (late North Western Area Secretary), who has been appointed to a senior administrative position on the staff of the National Pharmaceutical Union.

✠ TOM GREGORY (ex-Services Staff, B.A.O.R.,) is now Pilot at Mark XVI, Swindon.

✠ MARK XVIII, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, has been closed, the house being too small for economical working. An appeal is being made to enable a more suitable house to be bought.

✠ A letter, 'As ONE MEMBER TO ANOTHER', has been addressed by the Administrator to members of all Branches in this country. Members who have no opportunity of hearing this read and discussed are invited to apply to Headquarters for a copy.

✠ On SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12, a Remembrance Service, to be conducted by Padres Pat Leonard and Arthur Howard, will be broadcast at 7.45 p.m. on the Scottish, North and possibly other Regional programmes. The congregation of 250 Toc H members at this studio service in Glasgow will also provide the Community Hymn-singing on the Light and General Overseas services at 8.30 p.m. on the same evening. It is hoped that many Branches will arrange to join in this act of worship.

✠ The elections of the 96 CENTRAL COUNCILLORS for 1950/52 by 'regular' Branches will be completed by mid-October.

✠ The CENTRAL COUNCILLORS appointed to represent members of General Branches for 1950/52 are: J. N. DAVIDSON (Penrith, Cumberland), J. W. RHODES (Leeds), L. SCARFE (Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks) and W. W. LLEWELLIN (Poole, Dorset).

✠ Three articles on Toc H, written by SHAUN HERRON and published in *The British Weekly*, of which he is Assistant Editor, have been reprinted and are available, price 1d. each, 9d. a dozen.

✠ LIGHT ON THE WORLD: From a press report of a District Rally: "In the banqueting hall, Mr. E. F. . . . lighted a map, the traditional emblem of Toc H."



Wendover Club Garden Party

On June 22, the Toc H Services Club, Wendover, held a Garden Party at which Lord Cottesloe, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, spoke on the work being accomplished by the Club. Supporting him on the platform were Colonel L. Tertley, chairman of the House Committee, Air Commodore North Carter, A.O.C. Halton, Air Vice-Marshal R. O. Jones, 24 Group, R.A.F., and other guests included Tubby and Harold Howe. In the course of his speech Lord Cottesloe, splendidly vigorous at the age of eighty-four, said:—

“The importance of the Air Force has grown out of all recognition since its early days, and in a great organisation of that kind you need something more than the official outfit and equipment.

“There is room for such establishments as this Toc H Club, there is room for the high principles with which it is indissolubly connected, there is room for the hospital connections which it has.”

Apart from the normal Club facilities used mainly by R.A.F. personnel, sixty per cent. of whom are Halton apprentices, an outstanding feature is the provision of accommodation for relatives visiting patients in the nearby R.A.F. hospital. Since the Club was first opened two years ago, no less than 712 people have been looked after in this way.

Birth of a Hymn

EARLY in the year 1923 our Central Executive was discussing the make-up of the Third Annual Report of Toc H, for 1922. Alec Paterson, then Chairman, complained that Annual Reports were such dull things—couldn't this one be all in verse, including even the subscribers' names? No poet of that stature was forthcoming, but Barkis was commissioned to cheer up the factual Report with some bit of fancy. The first lighting of the Lamp of Maintenance, the new symbol of Toc H, in December, 1922, was fresh in everyone's minds, and this provided the writer with an idea. He wrote a series of seven scenes, and the central motive of them all was 'Light'; the title of the whole was *In the Light of the Lamp*. Each of these scenes ended with one or more four-line verses, gathered again at the end as 'The Hymn of Light'. The first and last of these verses were a free paraphrase of a third century Greek hymn, which the young Church, it is said, used to sing as they lit the candles for their service. It opened with the words $\phi\omega\varsigma$ 'Ιλαρον—"Light Joyful". When, in 1925, the first Toc H masque, *In the Light of the Lamp*, was based on these scenes and produced at the Albert Hall, a different version of the "Hymn of Light", to the music of Christopher Ogle, was imbedded in it.

Both versions of the hymn have persisted, but the original one from 1922 is the more popular. There is a very limited choice of tunes to fit its awkward metre but, with the four-line verses put together into eight-line ones, it has been sung to the rather sentimental Victorian tune of "O Strength and Stay" and, more often, to the unsuitable *Londonderry Air*, with its impossible top note for men's voices. At the Central Executive week-end conference at Birmingham in June this year a new solution appeared, when Norman Kingston (Blackburn Branch) wrote a fine new tune which the members present, who practised singing it, felt was a splendid gift to the Family of Toc H. It was decided then and there to use it for the first time at the Birthday Festival on November 18. So here it is—AND NOW WILL ALL UNITS PLEASE PRACTISE IT BEFORE THE GREAT DAY COMES.



(Copyright of Toc H)

The Hymn of Light

○ JOYFUL Light, O Glory of the Father,
Holy, beloved Jesu Christ, our Lord!
Now without fear we see the darkness gather,
For that on us Thy evening light is poured.
All through the night, whatever storm assail us—
Passion or pain, despair and shame and loss—
Thou, till the day, wilt hold and never fail us,
Victor before us of the bitter Cross.

Never the path so lost, but in Thee only
Trusting, we see, and, seeking, find a way:
Strength of the tempted, Brother of the lonely,
Out of our darkness bringest Thou the day.
Lo, having Thee, we lose not one another,
Sundered—united, dying but to birth;
All worlds are one in Thee, O more than Brother,
One is our family in Heaven and Earth.

So shine in us, our little love reproving,
That souls of men may kindle at the flame;
All the world's hatred, broken by our loving,
Shall bow to Love, Thine everlasting Name.
Therefore to Thee be praises and thanksgiving,
Father and Son and Comforter Divine;
We lift our voice and sing, with all things living,
Giver of Life, the Glory that is Thine.

BARCLAY BARON.

All units are asked to practise the new tune *now* so that every member attending the Birthday Festival in London on November 18 can join heartily in the singing of it, and no one is unprepared on other Toc H occasions when it may be used. *The Words and Music can be had as a leaflet, price 9d. per dozen, from Toc H, 47 Francis Street.*

Branch Briefs

■ A builder, plumber, electricians and commercial artist are among the members of WOODHOUSE (South Yorkshire) who have worked for the past four months on converting rooms above a coach house into an Old Folks' shelter.

■ The speaker at a recent PENCE & ANERLEY Guest-night was Sir Giles Squire, the late British Ambassador to Afghanistan and now Home Commissioner for Pakistan.

■ An appeal for ENFIELD's Cheery Car Club, in the *Evening News* brought an offer of a 32-seater coach trip free of charge from the proprietor of a Coach Company, in gratitude for kindness received from Toc H NOTTINGHAM in 1940.

■ SEAL (Kent) members have this year cultivated a plot of ground from which quantities of vegetables have been regularly delivered to old folk of their village.

■ In July, NORTH SHIELDS ran a bring-and-buy sale in aid of the Family Purse and the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

■ During eight months which ended in May, FALKIRK SOUTH gave twenty-one concerts and eighteen film shows to patients in local sanatoria.

■ At CONEY HALL's garden party, held in July, a 'bone of contentment' was awarded to a member and his wife who had been unsuccessful claimants for this year's Wickham Flitch.

■ Members of WESTON RHYN recently entertained a party of old folks of the district to a tea and concert.

■ The Mayor of Derby visited the DERBY Toc H Camp, recently held at Sapperton Manor and talked with the 100 lads from his town encamped there.

■ Old memorial tablets in St. Mary-le-Wigford church have been cleaned by LINCOLN members, in an effort to trace the stories they have to tell.

■ For the past two years, ALFRETON's meeting place has been used daily by old-age pensioners. Helped by the Women's Section and Rotary, the daily papers, periodicals, games and heating provided have been greatly appreciated.

Festival at Rufford

A District Festival, arranged by the members of Ormskirk Branch was held at Rufford on Saturday, June 10, when some seventy-five members attended from Maghull, Leyland, St. Helen's, Preston, Southport, Crosby, Clubmoor and Huyton. It commenced with a service in the Parish church at which the rector, the Rev. B. T. Jones, who is also padre of Ormskirk Branch, welcomed the members. Speaking on the title of the festival "The other Bloke", he said that "the other bloke" was typified by the people themselves and could not be separated from them . . . Toc H could pack-up when it had no awkward people in its Branches, and there should be tension in every Branch.

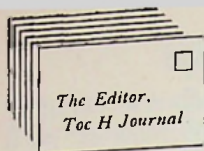
Speaking at the guest-night held later in the village school, Ian Fraser, Area Secretary Lakeland District said:

'Toc H was frequently called 'Talk H'. That was often only too true. The only thing that would convince men to-day was what they could see. Ordinary folk found a positive joy in the common things in which they were engaged. There has grown to be in our time, a welfare state and you are all committed to that state.

The greatest fear of most people to-day was that a war might break out between East and West. They were not only afraid of the Russians but, in fact, quite often they were afraid of one another. It was said that the thing to do was to arm to the teeth and go on trying to live. Schemes of that sort were entirely impersonal and none of them eradicated fear in the human heart. We must avoid war but not at the expense of what is true and what is right.

What was it that made men unafraid? Was it the assurance that they had a balance at the bank or had certain possessions, or were they certain their own life was safe, irrespective of what happened to other people? The answer was 'No'. Fear began to be eradicated when they began to treat life personally and recognise that people mattered for themselves, irrespective of their place in the scheme of things.

The members afterwards adjourned to Rufford Old Hall, where they were shown around by Mr. Phillip Ashcroft, the curator. 'Light' was taken in the banqueting hall and the festival concluded with Family prayers.



The Open Hustings

The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

Hydrogen Bomb

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very sorry to read in the report of the Annual Meeting of Central Council, that the motion for a firm stand against the Hydrogen Bomb and Toc H's support of organisations denouncing this awful weapon, did not even get a seconder and therefore was dropped without discussion!

I fail to see how we, who are pledged to love widely, can fail to be appalled at the dreadful fate which may await hundreds of thousands of men, women and children, in the near or distant future, both at home and abroad.

The paragraph in the sermon preached by the Rev. Lewis O. Heck—page 209 of the June JOURNAL—seems very appropriate and to the point. It begins "Shall I vote for righteousness, etc., etc."

East Ham. ALFRED BOLSIK.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I support Conrad Coore, who, at the Central Council, called on 'Toc H to take a firm stand against the Hydrogen Bomb. It seems a disgrace to our movement that no one seconded the motion. Does this

suggest that only one councillor had anything to say on such a pressing problem?

Toc H may be a way of life, but surely one that teaches us to protest against such inexcusable horrors. The Hydrogen Bomb cannot help us to "love widely", as I see it, nor "build bravely". The Carpenter said, "Love your enemies". Do we believe this or don't we? After 2,000 years it looks as if we don't—not even in Toc H! CHARLES HOLBROOK.
South Petherton, Som.

DEAR EDITOR,

When reading the Report of the Council Meeting, we were rather disturbed to read that the Resolution by Conrad Coore could find no seconder.

As a Branch we felt that silence on such a subject can quite easily be construed as disinterestedness. If, as our Pilot told us, Toc H cannot commit the membership to a controversial issue—should this not have been made clear in a Report that all and any can read?

Surely, all who find a niche in Toc H must view with abhorrence any further addition to the horrors of war.

BILL IBISTER.

Coloured Students

DEAR EDITOR,

It was your articles in the TOC H JOURNAL of 1946/47 which largely aroused my interest in German Prisoners-of-War, and the destitution of Germany itself; and so led not only to our doing a good deal for the P.o.W. camps in our area, but finally brought me to Germany itself as a Chaplain in December, 1947.

This shows you what you can do; and I wonder if one of the next targets that comes under the Toc H call to "think fairly" and "love widely" is the needs of the coloured students in England to-day.

These men and women need supremely the very understanding and friendship that Toc H is so good at giving across all barriers of race and class. They are to be found in nearly all our cities, just as Toc H Branches are, too.

Cannot Branches get busy among them, as a magnificent opportunity for 'jobs', and a crying need about which very little as a whole is being done by Everyman. Very much the same methods as were used for the P.o.W.s would apply here too, e.g., invitations to Guest-nights, invitations to members' homes, all sorts of individual kindnesses.

We are often told that so many of these coloured men or women come to England with

great expectations, and return disillusioned and embittered.

What can Toc H do about it?

GERALD HAWKER.

Dusseldorf, B.A.O.R.

ToCut Hair

DEAR EDITOR,

Re Tubby's letter in Toc H June issue of the JOURNAL, I, as a hairdresser of many years' standing, would like to point out the snags from the Barber's point of view.

Tubby uses the words '*well-trained*' and '*with reasonable skill*' in the same breath.

For many years the trade has fought for hygienic conditions, cleaner surroundings and a higher standard and to have every barber an expert in his calling and to be proud of his service to the public. Our aim is a *well-trained* operator, not with *reasonable skill*, but with a tip-top 100% knowledge of his craft.

What sort of skill or hygiene would be practised in the rooms of Toc H Branches? How many members would regularly have their hair cut by a *reasonably* skilled man? Men that attend my saloon are very particular and come to me because I am an expert.

Another point. If Toc H starts this scheme with a full membership of 20,000, what is to stop other organisations from following suit? Then it would hit us very hard financially.

Tubby's suggestion of barber shops always being overcrowded is just nonsense. If men insist on attending hairdressers' shops on a Saturday morning, then they must expect to wait. We are all open 5½ days a week—many of us from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.—and we too are an institution where men *like* to gather.

JOHN COLIN BRIGHT.
Gloucester.

Film Units

DEAR EDITOR,

To those Branches who are fearful of establishing a film unit I would say:—

(1) The operation of a film unit requires the *concerted* efforts of a number of people. It is a corporate job in which men can be employed in tasks suited to their special talents.

(2) It attracts recruits, both young and old. It gets support, both financial and physical, from sympathisers who are not members. It shows the flag.

(3) It is appreciated by the people who benefit by it. It brings other jobs in its train. By taking the operators into the various institutions, it shows them how the other half lives.

(4) It can be started in a small way, and built up gradually. Even when in full swing it does not disrupt the normal life of the unit.

(5) Obviously it is attended by difficulties, but who wants to take on a job that presents no challenge?

These observations are based on the activities of a Sydney suburban Branch which has given over 400 shows in the last 2½ years.

ALLAN FOOTT.
*Turrumurra,
N.S.W., Australia.*

Right of Way

DEAR EDITOR,

An opportunity now arises to direct our need for service to a useful purpose. For one of the provisions of the National Parks & Access to the Countryside Act, 1949, is to place upon County Districts and Parish Councils a duty to chart their rights of way—footpaths, bridleways, etc.—on maps. This work is to be undertaken by recording on six-inch ordnance maps the existing and presumed rights of way which must be walked.

Here then is a task for Branches to “leap with joy”. More so when we call to mind that most Parishes have few Councillors able to do this voluntary physical work with the large mileage involved. Furthermore, it is required in some counties that walking and recording on the maps should be completed by the end of this year.

Therefore, I would appeal to Jobmasters to offer the help of their Branches to Parish or County District Clerks remembering that members require only a pencil, to be sound in wind and limb and to be well shod!

Thus we can render a service truly in the spirit of our Family comforted in the knowledge that we shall be serving generations yet to come as well as the community in which we live.

LESLIE PRITCHARD.
Taunton, Som.

Malaysian Memories

DEAR EDITOR,

In August, 1947, you published an article headed "A Unique Branch". If I may say so, both an honour and reward to those who tried to keep 'Toc H' alive in the various Japanese P.O.W. Camps.

I remember at one of the last meetings, in a dismal courtyard in Changi Jail, it was proposed that we should keep in touch with each other by means of a Newsletter. I imagine, that at that time, few of us realised what we should have to face up to in the post-war world, and the idea had to be abandoned.

'Greeno' was over here the other day, and told me he knew some of our Australian friends, and very shortly I hope to meet Ron Carpenter who will be staying at our H.Q.

I should, therefore, like to offer two suggestions.

- (1) That the Singapore Branch tell us something about our Banner and Lamp.
- (2) That if any Members of the Malaysian Branch should care to write to me, I should be pleased

to make up a Newsletter and distribute when ready.

Craigour, C. GILBERT.
*Lower King's Cliff,
St. Helier, Jersey, C.I.*

Overseas Links

DEAR EDITOR,

Regarding Frits Diederix's letter in the June JOURNAL, I correspond with 'Toc H' blokes in Hong Kong, Tasmania and New Zealand and, believe me, it is interesting to know the part 'Toc H' is playing overseas. I also send the JOURNAL and local bulletin to people in America, Canada, Colombia, Venezuela, France, Newfoundland, Malaya and Hungary.

If more members did so, perhaps people overseas would, in time, become interested enough to start 'Toc H' Branches themselves. In any case, it spreads around knowledge of our Movement.

ARTHUR DINSDALE.
Darlington.

Branch Padres

DEAR EDITOR,

I was surprised to read, in the report of the Central Council Meeting, in the June JOURNAL, that Edgar Trout spoke of the considerable effect that 311 Branches being without Padres must have upon Branch life, and said that the opinion that a Branch was not making a Christian witness in the community was a serious indictment.

I have known many Branches, with and without Padres, but have failed to observe that the absence of a Padre had any effect at all on the Branch life. All Padres are not suitable and I consider that unless a Branch has the right type of Padre, it is better to be without one.

I have known Branches where the Padre's influence has not been at all beneficial to the Branch, and I feel that a Padre is not one of the essentials of a Branch.

C. WINCHESTER.

Sutton, Surrey.

Note on Nominations

DEAR EDITOR,

I should like to know if our local method of election of Central Councillors is typical of Toc H generally, and if so, would like to offer some criticism.

I cannot remember more than one nomination being submitted for our constituency in my ten years of Toc H—most of the time serving on District Team. The usual procedure is that one nomination is forthcoming in our District, which is communicated to the other two Districts in the constituency with the intimation that if they have no one else to propose, will they please support our man.

This lack of nominees seems to indicate an apathetic attitude towards the composition of our Central Council. In any case,

how can members elect a fellow they don't even know?

Surely it should not be too difficult to produce at least one nomination for each of our three Districts, and then hold a joint meeting of the nine Units in the constituency, at which the candidates would be subjected to a barrage of questions on their Toc H policy—when members would be able to size up their capabilities and vote accordingly.

G. F. RYDER.

Malvern Link.

Family Compass

DEAR EDITOR,

I was charmed with Bob Cannings' conception of a four-point needle revolving inside the Toc H Compass, but unless all four Toc H directives are upward, we may finish up with four goodly greyhounds chasing a tin rabbit round a flat circle.

I therefore prefer to liken Toc H to a four sided Pyramid.

Do not wander *round* me,

Wondering what I'm for.

The little guide has told you
"Mount up. Excelsior!"

Do not *probe* inside me,

Marvelling at my stones.

They were made for climbing;
Inside are dead men's bones.

Clamber to my summit,

And where my four points
blend

Look for the beginning
Of a Kingdom without end.

TOM BARTLETT.

Roxeth.